THE UNDERGRADUATE.

"DE OMNIBUS REBUS, ET QUIBUSDAM ALIIS."

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The Quatter.

O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Measure for Measure.

So checkered is this world, and so exposed in its nature to sudden change and endless variety, that the lowest of mankind can with justice indulge probable hopes of exaltation, and the highest may dread a reverse. The swain, who daily watches the sun from his course up the eastern steep until he has dipped his golden beams in the western ocean, may with equal probability anticipate the day of his transition from pastoral life to that "of being egregiously involved in the business of the world," and both the hermit, the sole occupant of his own residence, and the peasant, who shares the miser's cup, "up to the brim," unexpectedly may be located in the very bosom of mercantile alarm, or perhaps finish their last scenes amid the shouts of victory, or the groans of despair. Far be it from us to advocate the utility of such a change; but that they have happened, and still continue to happen, needs but to be mentioned to be ample proof for its belief. The individual whose life we claim as the subject of this narrative, with great aptness falls within the province of the last mentioned personage. His residence, at our introduction, was near the Susquehannah, a short distance above Reading.—Retired from the rest of the world, except when the sale of his produce summoned him to market, he enjoyed the pleasures which his own domains afforded, in tranquillity and peace. The Triune God had seen fit to lavish upon that place and the adjoining country, every thing which was calculated to render the spot pleasant and delightful. The saffron hues of the sun reflected innumerable beauties on the surrounding landscape, and attired it in that lovely mellowness which adds richness even to the picturesque charms of nature. A gothic observatory was erected upon the elevated summit of a long range of lofty cliffs, wherefrom, declining through a gentle valley richly shaded, and softened by thick and ever-varying foliage, the eye might trace an irregular line of solitary huts as far as its vision could extend, aided with a telescope. Through this peaceful region flowed the broad river, now buried in mantling trees, which extended their twisting arms from bank to bank across the translucent stream, and now glittering in the open light of heaven. Vessels heavily laden were constantly gliding down these almost quiet waters, and it was admirable to catch the distant strain of the pilot's song, as he stood upon the deck of his floating habitation, and surveyed with pleasure the luxuriant prospect. Amid such scenes, did our friend, Richard the *unfortunate*, spend the happiest of his life. Like Pericles, he was "his own."—Sometimes wandering in the field, often with the oar impelling his mimic bark upon the wave, and frequently visiting that stately edifice, "the Key of Knowledge," (for this was the name that he gave it) which overlooked a wide and expanding prospect.

"Friend," said the Duke of Yarmouth, a gentleman recently from England, who, making the tour of the United States, and designing to bring Niagara in his way from Philadelphia to New-York, had sailed up the Susquehannah, and been left at Newcastle to remain a few days, "you have a fine view here of the river, and commercial seats in this region of country, this must be a royal time to while away time in observing and knowing what is going on about you, this is by far the most beautiful tract I have seen since my arrival in the States."

"Yes, it suits my turn very well, very well," responded Richard.

"What peak do we see before us, the distance must be ten or twelve leagues?"

"The name we give it, is the Blue Ridge: this appellation is derived, according to the celebrated Shenstone, from *bluosco*, "to burn blue."

"Shenstone! really, I was not aware, Sir, before, that the English blood was allowed to have its authority quoted in America. The spirit of '76 must have died away somewhat, ere this could have happened, for I well recollect your anger was raised so high, and you were so malevolent towards us, that we were charged with the accusation of believing that your beasts of the forest were degenerating, that neither your fruit, nor any kind of *stock*, alive or *dead*, was of half its legitimate value, nay, not even your common *pine* apple could turn *red*, nor the mountain oak wave so majestically upon its summit, from the fact that you had disengaged yourselves from the English sovereignty, while thousands, rich and powerful, were held fast to the throne."

"While thousands, poor and powerless, were held firm to the throne, thou with more propriety might have said. If I am not much out of the way Shenstone was an honest, thrifty man."

"Probably, that is the common characteristic of the "Old Britons."

"The probabilities, perhaps, will not balance the improbabilities, however, I will not argue with thee. Tories and anti-tories, *political sweepers*, and Shenstone with the rest were long ago out of date, and, indeed, I never puzzled my brains very seriously in the political world."

"That's commendable. There never appeared to me to be much pleasure derived from that source. Those who engage in it are like the morning dew, and, in fact, I should think from your commanding situation, that to entangle yourself in such things, would be but to play the part of Sir Walter's fool in the "Cobbler." Yonder mansion is yours, is it not?"

"That falls within my domains."

"After the Doric. The pleasures which you there receive, if not at this season of the year, certainly in autumn and winter, must add greatly to your enjoyments."

"Thee mistakes it for a palace."

"O, no Sir, I alluded to your partner and the fine young group that must be about you, as you seem to be somewhat advanced in life."

"I have a partner, and that is the favorite mule which accompanies me to every part of my ample possessions."

"Is it possible? Will you pride yourself in the bachelor's hall?"

"Ay, even so it is."

"The impossibly cannot be."

A recess succeeded. The Duke was disheartened and uneasy. To proceed in the conversation, he was destitute of language. To remain and view the surrounding country, he was divested of every desire. He moved towards the door which opened to the stair-way, and was about to pass down the steps, when Richard reached forth his hand, and, as politely as Quakerism would admit, requested the reason of his so abruptly departing. The Duke seemed not to be recognized, even now. Be it known to the reader that this Duke was the *Father* of her who, a few years previous, was to be the companion of him who was at that time a bachelor. Yarmouth replied "you shall know." Richard was aroused. The age, apparel, bearing throughout of the English gentleman, who by this time had disappeared, threw him into violent agitation. His animal spirits were wonderfully affected. "Heavens! am I doomed again to pass through and endure the scenes of my boyhood? must time be unravelled, and oblivion, the store-house of unending care and grief, be unlocked?" cried the Quaker, and fell—to the floor.

From this moment the fairy dream of life was for him dissolved, the silver cord was loosed and the golden vessel broken. Home, society, the world cooled in his friendship. Emily, who ought to have participated with him on the Susquehannah, is revelling amid the beauties of an enchanting landscape, he had left in England, as he clandestinely crossed the channel on his way to this country. His spirits on the eve of embarkation were buoyant with hope, although there was much to dampen his ardor and his heart, glowing with the most expansive emotions of benevolence. Benevolence!—to high, joyous fortune!! When gazing around him, enthusiastically he drank in the deep beauty with which, to a young and ardent fancy, the face of visible creation is invested. He had parted from friends and acquaintances, and with the hireship of a large estate determined to spend "singly and alone" the short residue of his life. The *modern Arcadia* which he selected as *his Elysium* in *this* world, yielded happiness complete; pleasures innocent and refined. The air was temperate, wholesome aad serene. Sixteen years had waved their silken pinions over his head without producing even a wrinkle on his brow, or interrupting for a moment his quiet enjoyments. Heaven on earth seemed to be allotted to him from the great "I AM."

The scene was changed—ay, suddenly and deeply changed! The interview with the Duke summoned up unhallowed recollections of the past. Richard's real character was occasionally discernible. His appearance was noble, though monastic; and his manners amiable, but, beneath that laudable exterior, lurked an envious and a traitorous heart. Yarmouth soon reappeared. He hurled upon Richard the bitterest reproaches, he overwhelmed him with the most disgraceful epithets, in hopes to rouse his dormant spirit. It was ineffectual—the Quaker remained still and silent. His senses "were steeped in forgetfulness," and the Duke fancied he could perceive an expression of contemptuous triumph curling his lip. This was maddening, and with eyes glistening with anger he left the place. A sudden clap of thunder awakened Richard, and he scarcely recognized the situation which he was in. His voice was low and tremulous: his face ghastly pale: his eye wandering and rayless. He gathered himself up, and, with the help of a walking-stick, tottered along towards the adorable mansion, although night, dense and starless, had fallen upon the earth. At this period of life he might have extricated himself from the serious troubles in which he was involved, and alleviated his con-

science from almost inexpiable guilt, had he not so tenaciously clung to his money, which was esteemed above every genuine friend. This was the sole cause of his leaving England, and abandoning forever the *primæ nulieris* of his affections, and this it was which so deeply affected him. As soon as the palisado was passed and the apartment entered, which was exclusively occupied by himself, he interrogated, *do you love Burgundy?* and seized a bottle which had been tilted upon the Atlantic, drew the cork from the *locum tenens*, emptied the contents, revived his spirits which but now were ebbing low, and retired.

Three months afterwards a note was received from a confidential friend, informing him that Yarmouth would soon bring him to justice, unless something were immediately done, and advising measures to be adopted which, in the Quaker's opinion, would be productive of an immense sum of expense. To do this, wounded to the very core. No other alternative appeared.—He palliated.—Money was *money*.

"Sir," said a downright honest, clever-hearted tenant, "I am at my wit's end to know the cause of your doubting upon this subject.—Property, why, you have 'ten thousands of it.' If I had the one hundredth part of your annual interest money, I shouldn't hesitate one single moment, I'll assure you."

"Peradventure, thee don't know the situation of my property. Moreover, what thou would'st do with it, if it was thine, is beyond possible conception. As for this Duke, either will I incur a heavy debt against thee at the bar of justice, and justice it shall be, or I will wed thy —— heaven be praised for all things. LAYLOCK.

(*To be continued.*)

Dullness.

I love fresh feelings—it is so unlike
This olden world to meet them; and they come
Upon my heart like music so, or like
Some passage that is new in poetry.
WILLIS.

I do not love this dull, dull sleep of mind,
That chains its noblest, highest, holiest thoughts,
Down to the meaner, meagre things of life,
And holds its freshest, freest thoughts, confined
Within the limits of a drawing-room.
I fain would burst away and onward still,
And upward hold my course beyond the lights
That sparkle in the upper deep of air,
And hold communion with the spirits pure,
That warble forth their endless worship there,
And with them I would wander through the fields,
And waving groves of Heaven's own Paradise,
Or linger on the banks of the pure stream,
That issues from the holy throne of God,
And my dull senses feast upon perfumes,
That rise from every hill and plain and flower,
And float on every gale that sweeps along
The heaving bosom of the sea of life.
I know there are high thoughts of this low world,
And mighty minds have felt their impotence,
When they would search its hidden secrets out,
And know the mystery of human life.
And there are things of dark and doubtful sense,
Which many strive to tell, but none have told,
And many strive to see, but have not seen,
And know, but find their feeble efforts vain.
And there are fair and beauteous things in life,
To which the heart will sometimes strangely cling,
As if the chord that binds it down to life
Were twined around the heart and the hearts love.
And I have *sometimes* thought that *earth* was fair,
And when I've looked upon its smiling scenes,
And heard the whispers of its promised joys.
And felt the inspiration of high hopes,
Which even this poor world will sometimes give,
A warmer gush of feeling has come o'er,
The oven pulses of my sluggish heart.
But 'tis not thoughts of these, nor such poor joys
For which I long to teach my spirits dream.
And yet for these, and all the higher thoughts
Of life, or after-life, or Holy Heaven,
It will not waken from its dreaming sleep. H——.

Prospective Eminence.

HUMAN society presents a painting of various and distinctive shades. On this are traced in visible characters the countless phenomena of thought and sentiment, which exist from the lowest gradation of ignorance to the summit of intellectual greatness, and from the verriest sink of vice to the brightest examples of the moral sublime.

While some have appeared to have no prominent object before them, and have justly been considered the drones of community, living to no purpose, except as they become repulsive beacons to others, there have been many who were spirited and enterprising in the different spheres in which they moved, and who, by their strength of intellect, their promptness in decision and energy of action, have promised much to their countryman and the world. But visionary and profitless have been many of their deep laid schemes. In not a few, a principle has been imbibed which has spread devastation, error and death. If we examine the chronicles of the past, and learn the facts which relate to men who have been characterized for native genius and enterprize, how many do we find who have perverted these gifts to the most unhallowed and reprehensible purposes, while they aimed at the pinnacle of fame. For the accomplishment of their base designs they have subverted the most wholesome laws, and inculcated the most pernicious principles. By them the embers of civil discord have been fanned into a flame, usurpation has stretched her deadly arm over the fairest portions of our earth, and the horrors of war and desolation have followed in their train. They attained, indeed, the eminence to which they aspired, but their elevation was the precursor to a more disastrous and fearful over-

throw. The names of tyrants, usurpers and the champions of infidelity, are inscribed on monuments of infamy more lasting than brass or marble.

But there is an eminence to which every man ought to aspire. It may be defined an elevation of sentiment—of principle, and of intellectual and moral effort. He who has this grand object in view, is not characterized by a sordid desire to outstrip his competitors or to be encircled with the dazzling splendor of names and titles, nor with glittering stars and garters of eastern knighthood, nor the vain trappings of royalty. But dignity of mind, moral worth and usefulness to the world, fill the eye of his mind so completely, that all inferior objects are extinguished like the stars of heaven in the presence of the king of day.

The utility of aiming at eminence may be observed in every department of human affairs. It was long ago announced by a Roman poet—"possunt quia posse videntur"—they are able because they think they are able. Some object of elevation placed before the mind is the great incentive to action. Without this the arm is nerveless, and effort is palsied. Remove from the good man the high prospect of honoring his Creator, and of usefulness to his fellow men, and he pauses in his labors and soon relapses into a state of moral indolence. This grand incentive has contributed much to prepare those for their station, who have stood deservedly high in the confidence of community, as dispensers of the law, against whom calumny itself dare not whisper, whose principles are above suspicion, whose undeviating adherence to impartiality in decisions, and whose acquaintance with the science of law have prepared them for the bench of justice.—Observe them while they preside during the trial of the most difficult causes, and mark with what clearness they develope the intricacies of the statute, and give to testimony its simple importance, unawed by frowns, unmoved by favor and uninfluenced by sophistical disputations. When persecuted innocence is brought before them by malice and intrigue, or guilt attempts to screen itself under aristocratic influence, witness their independent and righteous decisions, restoring to the innocent an unspotted reputation, and consigning the guilty to deserved punishment and infamy. The influence of this principle is not less powerful and ennobling in forming the character and taste of the best poets. Too many fail to soar aloft on the wings of a chastened and sanctified imagination, never free themselves from the leadenfooted objects of time, and seek no higher meed than vain applause. Still there have been those, who in the morning of their efforts, place a noble eminence before them, whose breath is music, whose words are harmony, and whose very souls, akin to the songsters of the celestial city, pour forth in strains of exalted verse, sublimity of thought, soul-stirring minstrelsy and heaven-born sentiment. Their works have raised the standard of attainment in general science, have awakened in many a love of literature, made great accessions to the refinements of polished society, and shed a halo of glory around those arts, which distinguish the present era of our world from the ages of darkness and barbarism. They touch their harps and all nature becomes animate. Herb, tree and flower unite their voices with the melodious tenants of the grove. And the waves of ocean, the storms of heaven, the thunderings of the Mighty One, and the twinkling orbs of night chant, in numbers all harmonious, the high praises of their Divine Author. Again they touch their harps, and Vice, abashed, flies from the vision of the just and the good, and seeks retreat in the darknesss of her native Erebus. While Virtue, daughter of the skies, like the full-orbed moon, raises her virgin face, beaming with an unearthly loveliness on all around, dispensing light, gladness and peace.

Behold the venerable ambassador of the King of Kings as he declares the messages of love to the people of his charge. And while you gaze upon his audience, as they catch the accents of mercy falling from his lips, over whom his efforts of kindness and intercessions of faith have exerted a hallowed influence, and discover on their mental and moral character the deep traces which he has drawn, when you learn how extensively he has inculcated the sublime sentiments which cluster around the Cross, what numbers by his instrumentality drink deep into the spirit and temper of the celestial intelligences, and now on earth and shortly will in the bright world on high swell the triumphs of the glorious Emmanuel. Tell us the grand secret, ye who best can tell, why he has so far advanced beyond others who have embarked in the same heavenly enterprize? Is he endowed with firmer health or gifted with a more vigorous and discriminating intellect? Were the treasures of science lavished upon him more profusely, or were the exhaustless fountains of heavenly wisdom opened more widely to him in the vernal season of his acquisitions? And while others slumbered away the morning of their brief day, where shall we find the cause of the wide difference? His noble spirit is awake and alive to the great object of his existence. And while he prizes supremely the favor of the Ancient of Days, his great aim is to be regarded by him eminent in disinterested love and godlike action.

We have reason for congratulation and en-

couragement that the morning of a glorious day is dawning when this principle shall shed its benign radiance over the whole earth, chase away the shades of ignorance, superstition and crime, and light up in every bosom the flame of science, of heavenly truth and virtuous sentiment.

But further onward, beyond the consummation of all terrestrial scenes, we may descry its celestial influence. For in the world of felicity and light above, the countless myriads of the heavenly choir shall rise continually in their approaches to the Beatific Presence, and tune their golden harps to sweetest symphony in anthems of ceaseless praise. PIERRE.

Fragment.

——————And she was lovely yet,
Though o'er her wasted cheek was traced the seal,
And on her heart the wound of death. She sunk,
As quits the loveliest orb of night,
Its lonely, deathless watch : or sentinel
His weary post; for she had borne her life,
As one who stayed her wing in upward course
To gaze on fancy's imagery of earth—
The gilded screen to lift from emptiness—
And loathe the living lie that held her flight.
With feebler, fainter rush, the hectic pulse
Swept from the wasted citadel of life,
Around its crumbling walls, and lingered oft
Upon her fevered cheek, to mark her doom,
And hang the scutcheon of mortality.
Oft stood the dew-drop of the eve of death
Along her brow, and tokened coming woe,
Yet o'er the ruins of her fallen hopes,
With waning life entombed and loveliness,
Triumphant was the Christian's faith—and rose
On beauty's wreck, like star of morn on night,
Her hope of Heaven and Immortality.
There came, while yet the parting pang was stayed,
A brighter hour;—with hurried throb no more
The maddened pulse leaped on its burning way—
Bright, with rekindled life, the languid eye
Beamed joyously—and hope half lit her torch
To mark the welcome change. Delusive spell!
So brighter beams along the brow of Heaven
The passing meteor, e'er it sinks in night!
With fitful ray, so shoots the dying blaze
From out the sepulchre of wasted fire!
In the far clondless west, with holy light
The Sabbath sun-set burned—the last on earth :
On her pillowed cheek its parting ray
Fell tremulous, and seemed an earnest given,
Of brighter day, where suns may never set.
So calmly turned her reverential eye
On the fast-fading glow, she seemed to gaze
On some rapt seraph band, and hold commune
With sister spirits of another sphere.
Soon passed that baseless mimickry of health,
To taste the last of earth, that nerved her clay—
All save a deathless energy of soul,
Than grasp of death more firm —the boon of heaven!
* * * * * * * * * *
Words may not tell her end—
Low terms, though deep with burning freight, to etch
Undying hope and faith, in dying hour.
Night rolled away his sombre hours, and mourned
Among his spheres—the last lone star of night
Paced up the welkin, kindling with the dawn,
And found its grave in light—its rest in heaven
And with it went the spirit of Mary. INCOG.

A false friend is like a shadow on a dial; it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as that is cloudy.

The Broken Vow.

(Concluded.)

EDWARD met from the rest of the family a welcome no less cordial than from the affectionate mother. The family set down to a rich repast, so neatly prepared that it showed the skill of the good woman in domestic concerns, and her care in having every thing in the neatest possible manner, for the reception of Edward. He was delighted at again seeing his relatives and friends. Still, other thoughts took possession of his soul. All were not there.—There yet remained a vacancy in his heart which must be filled.—His Mary he had not yet seen. She for a long time after his departure cherished his memory, and the affection she had for him, with the deepest interest. His image was fixed deep in her soul. It seemed that death alone could separate her, and the affection she bore to him. Had any one *hinted* to her that she would prove faithless, he would have received for a reply, the proud look of scorn and indignation. She thought her soul *too pure*, and herself *too sincere*, to perpetrate so vile a deed. But time and circumstance frequently bring the mind to act upon that, at which, in the hours of sober reflection, it would shudder, and from which it would turn away with disgust and abhorrance. By some unexpected occurrence there came to dwell in this valley a Lawyer, admired equally for his talents and engaging manner. Pemberton, by chance, became acquainted with Mary. He felt at their first interview, a respect for her which he had never *before* felt toward any of her sex. There was manifest that sweetness of temper, and amiableness of disposition, which, to a *superficial* observer, would secure to her at least admiration and respect. There was also, that soft, delicate, and yet lively expression of the eye, that never fails to charm and captivate. It is not then wonderful that Pemberton's respect was changed into admiration, and that admiration eventually into what *he* termed *love*. During one of their solitary rambles, he made known to her his affection. The poor girl shuddered at the declaration, yet clung still closer to his arm. She thought she could love *him*, had she never pledged herself to Edward. There was a cause of preference beside his engaging manner. Pemberton had an ample fortune, while Edward had naught to recommend him but his talent and his virtue. He waited for a reply.—She durst not say she loved another. At length summoning her little remaining resolution, she intimated that she was not then prepared to give an answer.

Their steps were retraced, and at the thresh-

old of the door, as they were about to separate, she bade him call again. In the solitude of her own chamber, she perused again and again, the letters she had received from Edward.—And she thought, as she cast her eye over their contents, she discovered a coldness in them which had before passed unnoticed. She tryed (and not in vain) to convince herself, that his affection for her had diminished. Pemberton met her at an early hour the succeeding evening, and renewed his suit. She then stated to him her former engagement, mentioned likewise her surmise, upon which she put Edward's last letter into his hand. He read it, and from passages in it, confirmed her in her belief.—She promised him her hand. As the bird is charmed by the music of the rattle snake, fluttering in vain to escape, it knows not whither, yields itself up to the destroyer, so she, pleased with a shadow, and charmed by personal attractions, with her own hand, signs the death warrant of all her earthly happiness. Thus did matters stand at Edward's return.—He was apprised of her treachery, and of her engagement with Pemberton; but he resolved to see her himself. Embracing an early opportunity he visited her: and instead of the hearty welcome, he was doomed to witness the coldness of indifference. The alarming truth now burst upon him, that Mary was to wed another—that the heart which to him had been pledged, would pour out its "rich and deep affections" to his rival. It was enough—it sent a shiver to his inmost bosom.—His last remaining tie to earth seemed broken, and he would fain have sought the cold damp grave to hide him from his miseries.

Call it not weakness, if for a moment he sank senseless to the floor, when he found that the only being for whom he wished to live, or for whom he would dare to die, had now forsaken him. It was *but* for a moment. Though strong were his affections, he rose with a determination to profit by this disappointment in after life. He had become a distinguished scholar, and establishing himself in a neighboring village, he became an eminent lawyer, married an accomplished lady, whose virtue and benevolence of disposition, rendered her by no means his inferior. She was his joy in health and prosperity, his solace in affliction, a devoted wife, an affectionate mother. By their mutual industry they rendered themselves independently rich, by the similarity of views and sentiments, supremely happy, and by their acts of kindness and benevolence, were honored by all.

Pemberton wedded *Mary*. The strong attachment of the lover, gave way to the petulency of the husband. He sacrificed the society of his wife and family, for that of the gambling table and billiard room. His property soon became involved—"his fortune fled," and he became a sot—a drunken sot. This for her was too severe a blow. She gradually sunk under the accumulated weight of her sufferings, until the grave closed around her a welcome visitor to free her from her woes. NORVAL.

We fear the author of the following will be accused of personalities.

Cousin Will,

Your epistle with all its "mysticisms," "to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness," was received in due season and its contents eagerly devoured. Though the "enigmatical" allusions bringing to mind many a pleasing incident, were calculated to awaken feelings of the most lively gratification, the general tenor of your letter, I was sorry to perceive, evinced the utmost depression of spirits, and more than intimated that you were under the full operation of a fit of the blues. Ah! my dear Coz, you should with us immediately have bidden farewell to your "marble habitation," and have cast yourself, for amusement, upon that world in miniature,—the society of a stage coach.

If you have any inclination to study mankind, with their infinite variety of tastes and predilections—to trace their distinctive characteristicks—to mark their relative conditions and means of happiness, the inmates of this locomotive habitation would afford abundant opportunity to indulge it. In our little community you might have employed yourself in studying the heart (provided you could have protected your own) as well as dissecting the understanding. Although our company was a medley, it was nevertheless a pleasing one. We had not ridden far before the disposition and characters of our companions began to unfold themselves. The bonny belles you observed occupying the same seat with myself, may first attract your attention. They were "twa pretty misses" as ever wounded a heart,—and as different as two delicious things ever could be. The one was all cheerfulness and vivacity; frank, likely, pert, in fine a *spirituelle*.—Short, plump, quick as a a partridge. In her highest flow of spirits, however, neither rude or boisterous. Turning every little passing occurrence to account, all were fascinated, though one hardly could tell why, by her enlivening conversation. The silver tones of her voice were not half so eloquent as her sparkling blue eyes. The graceful arch of her eye-brows, like the rich bow in

the eastern sky, tokened that no storm of passion ever darkened that lovely front. I hate prosers, and your everlasting "yes sir," and "no sir,"—to tell how slow "the minutes go," I abhor. I had rather watch the sand of an hour-glass. By listening to her brilliant wit, whether employed in railing, or exhibited in the repartee, ennui would have been dispelled, and you would only have reason to regret that the moments fled so rapidly.

The other whom, as I was springing into the stage, you were pleased in a whisper wittily to term my nightingale, was not misnamed, should you consider the soft notes of her musical voice. Unlike the former, she was retiring and modest—nay, even bashful, and it was long ere she gave proof of that intellectual superiority which her mild dark eye, and full Sappho-like forehead indicated. Before I ventured to form acquaintance, I had abundant opportunity to make critical observation of her personal appearance. Her graceful form, neat rounded limbs, and taper fingers, might have been a model for a Venus de Medici. A smile and a blush disputed the possession of her clear transtransparent cheek, while her rosy lips most provokingly challenged a kiss. Upon her countenance, lighted up by an expression of half pensive joy, one might sit and gaze, as upon a summer's sky, if not with admiration, at least with indescribable pleasure. When, however, she began to converse, her sound sense and mental pre-eminence, awakened even admiration. Her black hair hung in rich luxuriant ringlets down a neck of alabaster. With an Italian sky and Italian scenery, she would have been deemed an angel, and caused a duel; but in this unromantick region, those qualities which elsewhere might have occasioned the loss of life, here only call forth a few sighs, or some poetical effusions.

There were many others, my slight knowledge of whom, would not authorize me to sketch a description, though we venture to affirm, dear coz, that most of them would have banished hypos. There was Miss L——, by whom your chum G—— seemed especially captivated. Who could blame him, for she had soft blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, a neat prim lip, and would talk, he declared, most bewitchingly. And there was———but time will not allow me to mention the peculiarities of all, or even to glance at the venerable old maid in the corner; or as some would have it, the antique "unmarried lady" whose profundity of thought was only equalled by her blooming graces.

I like to have passed by Miss B——, with whom you would have been particularly pleased. I was strongly reminded by her of the ice-plant, with its freezing wintry look, chilling the delicate bell—e flower, which unfortunately was placed within the sphere of its influence. Indeed, she closely resembled some exotic, that might have thrived upon the bleak hills of Lapland, its pallid head just raised above the snow, whose beauty, when transferred to this latitude, is withered by the warm rays of the sun, or its attractive qualities not perceived and duly appreciated. To leave emblems, and speak of the object herself, you might have observed upon the back seat a little pouting, churlish, creature, seemingly much predisposed to quarrel with those on either side of her. Her little squinting light blue eyes, scarcely discernible in their rapid movements, set obliquely in her white visage—yes, white as November frost, gave to her countenance an appearance somewhat unique, though resembling Dogberry's picture of Suspicion. Of her form it is difficult to speak, for she underwent a dozen transformations in less than a minute. Her amiable disposition and sense of propriety, none could doubt. Thinking it incumbent upon me, being slightly acquainted with her, to render her journey as agreeable as possible, I ventured to give our friend P. who sat nearest, an introduction. My intended kindness received a sad repulse. Whew! in less than no time she assumed twenty different shapes,—wheeled round thrice—was upon the point of going into hystericks, and surely would have thrown herself out of the coach, had it not been for the timely interference of our antiquated heroine in the corner, whose efforts to pacify her were crowned with success. After her recovery, friend P. not suspecting himself to be the cause, endeavoured, to my infinite amusement, since I was released from further obligation—to draw her into conversation. His attempts were met by a respectful silence, or by divers pouts and snuffs, which finally greatly excited his risibility, as well as the ridicule of the whole company. At the first stopping place, the adorable creature declared she was astonished that I should name to her a stranger, of whose religious principles she was ignorant. Conscientious soul! It is but justice to her to mention, that she at length succeeded in discoursing with her worthy friend the old maid (I beg pardon) upon the prospects of the Missionary Society, and found much relief. Think not, Dear Will, that the sociability of our party was marred by this erratic guest.

Yours, &c.

Cousin Jim.

"Nu" was unavoidably crowded out from the present No. for want of room.

Anecdote of Joseph Warren.

Some British officers of the army, then in Boston, had publicly declared that it should be at the price of the life of any man to speak of the event of the 5th of March, 1770, on that anniversary. Warren's soul took fire at such a threat, so openly made, and he wished for the honor of braving it. This was readily granted, for, at such a time, a man would probably find but few rivals. Many who would spurn the thought of personal fear, might be apprehensive that they would be so far disconcerted as to forget their discourse. It is easier to fight bravely, than to think clearly and correctly in danger. Passion sometimes nerves the arm to fight, but disturbs the regular current of thought. The day came and the weather was remarkably fine. The old south meeting house was crowded at an early hour. The British officers occupied the aisles, the flight of steps to the pulpit, and several of them were within it. It was not precisely known, whether this was accident or design. The orator, with the assistance of his friends, made his entrance at the pulpit window by a ladder. The officers, seeing his coolness and intrepidity, made way for him to advance and address the people. An aweful stillness preceded his exordium, Each man felt the palpitations of his own heart, and saw the pale, but determined, face of his neighbor. The speaker began his oration with a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos. Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination. The scene was sublime; a patriot, in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the sanctuary of God, to animate and encourage the sons of liberty and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of our country, describing the tenure by which we held our liberties and property; the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom, these blessings of life had been violated. There was in this appeal to Britain, in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance, which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. The thunder of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host, and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective, when Cataline was at a distance, and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren's speech was made to proud oppressors, resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight.—*Knapp's Lectures on American Literature.*

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From the last account, it appears that Prussia has *declared for Russia against the Poles!* and it is pointedly asked, "can England and France longer refuse, after this direct interference, to lend their aid to the ancient Republic of Poland?" We think not. France is ripe for war, and the policy of her government requires something to engage her sons abroad, who are now threatening to overthrow their constitution in their visionary attempts to realize an imaginary state of freedom. England, if she joins in the contest, will be driven into it with reluctance in the present bankrupt state of her fiscal affairs. But love of justice is a prominent trait in the British character. We should not then be surprised, on this occasion, to see France and England, those "sworn enemies," embrace each other, and prepare for the combat. This is the last frail hope of noble, generous, abused Poland, escaping the tyrannical usurpations of the Proud Autocrat of the north.

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There has been a meeting of the Americans in Paris, on the subject of the Poles, at which it was resolved to make a subscription in favor of that gallant but oppressed people; and an address to the citizens of the United States was prepared, soliciting their aid and contributions for the same benevolent object. We rejoice to pereceive the name and efforts of Lafayette—engaged in every good work—to be associated with this. The appeal to our own countrymen, said to be from the pen of Cooper, is an energetic and thrilling production; exposing the unhallowed motives of European despots, in accomplishing the partition of Poland, and delineating, in living colors, the sufferings of that people in their ardent struggle for independence.

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There was lately an insurrection of the black in the southern part of Virginia, when between 60 or 70 whites were murdered. By the timely aid of the militia, the disturbance was quelled, and the insurgents, to the number of 5 or 600 were shot or imprisoned. Stern justice and the welfare of society, demanded a sacrifice at which humanity weeps. Probably most or all of these deluded wretches, who have not been already destroyed, will be sentenced to death.

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A student of a neighboring College, in translating Horace, came to the following line:

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius,"

which he read, "I have—eaten—a monument harder—than brass." "Indeed," said the Professor, "I think you had better sit down and digest it."